

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

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Selections.

History of Shadrach's Deliverance.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

1. Now it came to pass in the latter days that Daniel was King of all the Children of Jonathan, which had waxed many and fat in the land. And by reasons which the prophet detailed not, Daniel's head was turned, and he went after strange gods, and his strength was turned into foolishness; for the strange gods, which be no gods, had turned away his heart from serving the Lord, persuading him that there was no Higher Law, but great men might do what seemed to them best.

2. At that time there were many of the sons of men whom the Southernites had stolen, and made slaves of them, hurting their feet with fetters and setting them to sore bondage. Yea, there were three times a thousand thousand thereof.

3. Divers of them had escaped from the hand of the oppressor, even as the Children of Israel had fled out of the land of bondage; and they went unto the Northernites, who revered the word of the Lord and hid the outcast, letting him dwell where he liked him best and eat his morsel in peace. 4. But this escaping of the fugitives was a sore thing unto the Southernites, for with them such be reckoned but as cattle and beasts that perish; and the Lord God is esteemed only as a dumb idol. It grieved also the heart of Daniel.

5. And he said, reasoning with himself, but not a right, Go to, now; I will get to myself great honor by betraying the outcast into the hands of such as seek his life; yea, I will cause the eyes of the needy to fail; then I shall get me much silver and gold; yea, and Texas scrip in great store.

6. So he called together the magicians, and the astrologers, and the soothsayers, and the sorcerers, and all the Philistines who had taken of the Ark of the people, them and everything that loveth and maketh a lie. And they gathered together in the great city of Jonathan, whither the tribes go up to the great Sanhedrim.

7. Then they made a decree, and sent it forth unto all the tribes, unto the Governors, and the Princes, and the Judges, and the Marshals, and the Commissioners, and the Deputies, and the Bailiffs, and the Tithing-men, saying:

8. O ye children of Jonathan! ye shall assuredly catch every poor man that ye will, and deliver him up to such as shall claim him, and he shall be their slave. Ye shall make haste to do so. Let all people obey the decree, as they desire money.

9. Moreover, Daniel appointed his Scribes and a Satrap in every tribe, to execute the decree, to bewray the wanderers, to sell the needy for a pair of shoes, and to cast down such of the Lord's people as were ready to perish.

10. Then Daniel was glad and rejoiced, and comforted himself greatly, saying: Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer. The strange woman also made their hearts merry, and all the hosts of the ungodly, saying—Where is now our God?

11. So the decree was sealed with the seal of Jonathan, and sent out into all the land from sea to sea, and the sons of Belial rejoiced, and their foolish heart was darkened. But the sons of the godly lifted up their voices, and wept, as it was said by them of old time. Yea, Rachel mourned for her children, and would not be comforted; Daniel's eye had no compassion on the tears of the poor, longing to dash the little ones in pieces.

12. Now, there is a great city in the Northernites, which lieth to the eastward of the sea shore, as thou goest down to the old country, and it is called Boston. The same is a great city, and rich, and one mightiest pleasant to dwell in, if thou have silver and gold enough, and also, much brass, and keep the traditions of the Elders after the fashion of the townsfolk; but it went hard with the godly there.

13. This city is also called The Athens of Jonathan; peradventure, because, like the Athens of the Greeks, it was given to idolatry. Some of the merchants thereof are called Princes, because they trusted in uncertain riches, and sought Lordship over other men, even their betters, as did also the Princes and the Gentiles.

14. In that city there was exceeding much people; yea, nine hundred and four score and seven men grown, who knew not the right from the wrong, but called Good, Evil, and Evil called Good. Likewise, there was much cattle, and ships, and shops, and household stuff, and fine twined linen, which no man can measure.

15. And in that city, there was a street called Milk—peradventure, because it is the dwelling place of so many of the babes and sucklings of commerce.

16. In that city they did worship many and strange Gods, whereof the chief was called Money, an idol whose head was of fine gold, the belly of silver, and legs of copper; but second thereto, was another notable idol, called Cotton. Unto this latter they did sacrifice, and built him High-places and Fac-

ries, by the brooks that run among the hills, and bowed down and worshipped him, saying, Cotton, help us! Cotton, help us! Yea, they made their children pass through the mill unto Cotton, and he was unto many of them as a Conscience.

17. Now when the decree came to Boston, divers of the merchants, and of the money-changers not a few, and also of babes and sucklings, in and about the street called Milk, rejoiced therewith with the mob of Belial and worshipped Cotton. For they said, We shall now be savoring unto the Southernites and they will pay a tax (called in their tongue a Tariff) upon the people, for the worshipers of Cotton, and the people will sacrifice unto our net and our drag, and like the sons of Eli, we shall share in the sacrifice.

18. Then they held a meeting, and cried out, Great is Cotton of the Bostonians; there is no God but Cotton and Money; no King but Daniel; nothing better than riches, and no Justice, but only the Statutes of men.

19. Likewise the nine hundred and four score and seven who knew not God from Evil, they added further, and wrote a letter unto Daniel, concerning the decree; and they said, It is the voice of a God, and not of a man, hearing it was the voice of Cotton.

20. Howbeit there were yet others who said stoutly, yet in weakness, Nay now, it is a wicked thing to keep this decree, and we will not heed it, as the Loup liveth, who brought up our fathers out of England and helped us mightily at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Thereupon they looked at the monument and they said, Ebenezer: Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

21. So they made the outcasts to tarry even in Boston, saying, Be ye of good cheer; if the Lord be on our side who shall rise up against us?

22. Now there was a certain Satrap in Boston named Charles, appointed to execute the outcast, and to watch for his bailing.—The same was an upright man and modest, yet, comely without and not evil in his heart, albeit he swore by Cotton to keep the law. This man was accused unto Daniel, that he could not do a disgraceful duty and with alacrity. So he was laid before the King in his palace, to shew cause of his slackness.

23. And while he was absent, a certain Southernite of his, a Bum-bailiff, called Patrick, stood in his place, and was his deputy Satrap. The same was a Paddyite, from an I-land where, it is said, there be no toads, (belike it is as it is said, because they come away thence, and squat in other lands to do mischief therein.)

24. Then Patrick, the Bum-bailiff, called together the servants of the chief Satrap, his beaules and his runners and his scouts and his spies, and his hog-reeves and his field drivers, and swore after his fashion, By the shout of St. Patrick, that they would take them an outcast and sell him unto bondage. And the thing pleased the fellows, for like cometh with like.

25. So they went and hid hands on one Shadrach, a servant in an inn. And they took him away from his frying-pan, and his skillet, and his ovens, and his griddles, and his spits, wherewith he had made ready a feast for this ungodly crew.

26. And they had him into the court in his shirt-sleeves, with his serving-apron on, and his napkin about his neck, and the savor of their breakfast in his garments. And he was there on trial for his life and liberty before a single Scribe; and such was the decree.

27. Then arose George, one of the Scribes, and sat down in the seat of the Scribe, and made all things ready for to deliver up Shadrach unto the tormentors. Now the decree went, that if the Scribes sent the outcast into bondage, they should receive ten talents of silver, but if into freedom, only five talents. For Daniel, of all men, knew that a Gut perventeth judgment.

28. Then said the Bum-bailiff, making a great swell in the Court, and looking brave and big, Will ye not buy this slave of me? But no one offered to buy a man.

29. Then there arose one Scib, a Centurion, the servant of the kidnapers, a man of sin stature, having a very little hut in his hand, and demanded that Shadrach should be delivered up unto his tormentors, and that summarily.

30. Then Shadrach cried unto the Lord, saying, O Lord God, who wert with Jonah in his extremity, and didst deliver thy prophet out of the lion's den, and Shadrach, my father, out of the furnace of fire, deliver me also out of the hands of this Bum-bailiff.

31. Then the Lord God answered his prayer, and said, Fear not, Shadrach; Lo, I am with thee, unto the end of the world.

32. Then the Lord, whose eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good, sent down his Messengers from before his face, and it was all dark about him, and the doors were opened, no man knowing how; but some said it thundered; and others, that the earth had quaked. Then the Angels came into Court, and for fear of them Bum-bailiff and his beaules and his runners, and his spies and his hog-reeves and his field drivers and all the crew of them, did quake likewise and stood still.

33. Yea, the Bum-bailiff even added yet above all, that he shrank down behind the door and became as a dead dog; for all that he did to us, was to swell and look big.

34. But the Angel of the Lord took Shadrach in the hollow of his hand and carried him out of the great city, even out of the midst of Boston at high noon; and on the way shewed him the stones of Help, the monuments at Bunker Hill, and at Lexington, and at Concord, and comforted his heart in him, and set him down in a safe place prepared for him.

35. All this happened that it might be fulfilled which was written,—He taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and the counsel of the wicked is carried headlong; yea, another Scripture likewise saith, The sinner shall not escape with the spoils, and the patience of the godly shall not be frustrated.

AMEX AND AMEX.

From the N. Y. Independent. Preaching the Gospel.

Mr. Editor: I have recently seen an article in the *Journal of Commerce*, which together with some recent events, has given me no little trouble. The able editor of that Journal has told us ministers in his plain way that it is our duty to "preach the gospel," and that we are not to meddle in other matters. He also hinted quite intelligently to our congregation that if we do not stick to our appropriate calling, they had better put us out of our pulpits.

Now I feel very anxious to retain my parish, to please all men, to be a good man, and confine myself strictly to the "preaching of the gospel." Accordingly for some years, I did so preach. I discussed the doctrine of the atonement in fifty sermons, preached one hundred times on the doctrine of the Trinity, refuting every errorist from Marcion to Channing; and there was without number on election and regeneration. All this time our parish was as quiet as a graveyard. Every one patted me on the back, as one does a well-behaved spaniel.

After a while I became a little uneasy as I perceived that intemperance increased around me with frightful rapidity, and that many of our church members were engaging in the traffic. So after much fear and doubt, I ventured to preach on the matter, and with many apologies to my audience for intruding the subject on them, I hinted as gently as I could at the wrongfulness of the business. But the very next day my good deacon called in great trepidation to beg me not to give any more offence to such influential men as Esquire Pillsbury and Col. Rum-jug; and he had hardly left the house when these two gentlemen came in, and after many protestations of profound respect for ministers, so long as they adhered to their sacred duties, hinted to me that if I meddled any more with such profane and secular matters as the rum-traffic, my situation would be a very precarious one. I perceived my error, and betook myself again to "preach the gospel," and had the high gratification of regaining the favor of these influential men.

Some time elapsed, during which I was compelled to see awful results and deaths from intemperance in my own congregation. Deeply affected by these events, I wrote a sermon in the most cautious and prudent manner, in which I hinted tenderly at these tragedies, and very gently begged our young people to think of the pledge of total abstinence. But alas! though my people loved and respected me so much, yet on Sabbath evening there was a sort of informal indignation meeting, at which a vote was passed, "that the Gospel says nothing about pledges or total abstinence; that our minister be requested to confine himself entirely to his appropriate work of preaching the Gospel; that if he persists in meddling with other people's affairs it will be our duty to roll his black coat in the dirt." These resolutions were handed to me by Mr. Soakwell, Mr. Blackeye, Mr. Beawtie, Mr. Ragwinder, and Mr. Rumfoll. I assured the deputation that I had not designed to give offence by my preaching and hoped the matter would pass off without any further agitation. For the next twelve months, I preached over all my old sermons on the atonement, election, perseverance and free agency, and gave universal satisfaction.

It so happened that an anti-slavery agent came to my house, and had considerable conversation with me on the rights and wrongs of the slave. I must own to the weakness of having felt some sympathy for my colored brethren as he spoke with me; for up to that time I had considered it my duty to have nothing to do with so delicate a matter, especially as my neighbor, Rev. Mr. Truthful, had recently lost his place by meddling with it. But I thought that with my well known discretion I might manage to suggest the topic to my hearers. So in one of my old "Gospel sermons," I put in a new brief hint, hinting that if we had the spirit of Christ in us we should feel for the slave as Christ did for the wretched. But I ought to have known better; for at the sound of the word slave, every sleeper in the house actually opened his eyes and started up, and Esquire Hatchback got up and walked out of the house. That very evening my old Deacon, Smallbrain came in to inform me that my whole congregation was in a ferment, and that unless I could abandon this course he feared I must leave; that the people wanted to hear the Gospel preached and not to be annoyed with "nigger talk" and begged me to desist. He hinted that there was some talk of a "society meeting." You may be sure I was thoroughly frightened, and took good care not to commit the same error again.

Without further detail, I will merely mention that I once alluded to gambling, and received the next day a rather threatening note asking me if the bible forbade gambling, and bidding me "preach the Gospel," and not meddle with people's amusements.—Again I once hinted at the gay and dissipated balls and dances among the church members, and was reprimanded by Hon. Mr. Wordly for getting out of my sphere, and was assured by him that a minister could be respected only so long as he continued at his appropriate work—that of preaching the Gospel. Once in a "Fast sermon" I ventured to speak of the political sins of the day, and by so doing actually drove away from the congregation Mr. Seckoffice and Mr. Dennagogue, who swore they would never hear a man preach who outraged his audience by meddling with politics.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think I am perfectly cured of the slight taint of fanaticism that once endangered me. I now preach "nothing but the bare Gospel." I have just finished a course of ten sermons on the genealogy of Christ as contained in the "Gospel" of Matthew. I have discussed the whole doctrine of man's inability in thirteen sermons, drawn from that "pure Gospel" text, "Without me ye can do nothing." Dr. Bushnell's book

was a perfect God-send to me, for I was getting rather pinched for subjects, as this "Pure Gospel" allows me but a very narrow range. So I preached over the third time my sermons on the Trinity enlarged by a full discussion of this recent heresy.

The results are delightful. My people are perfectly united; they make me numerous presents; and intend to make me a Doctor of Divinity. I am able to draw out great numbers to church. Drunkards and rum sellers leave the "pure gospel" almost as well as pure liquor; for they take pews in our church and are thus kept under a good influence. If a slaveholder visits our village he is sure to honor me with his presence on the Sabbath and he is quite willing afterward to send me a barrel of sugar or a cask of wine.

I wish, Mr. Editor, therefore, that you would let the *Journal of Commerce* alone.—Let him play his batteries at the fanatics, for they sometimes nickname me Rev. Dr. Trimmer, and I have to see them well trimmed.—Do not place any obstacle to the speedy advent of that day when ministers shall preach only "pure Gospel." DEMAS SOUTHEAD.

The Singer's Mistake.

"Some of our readers may remember an account given by a correspondent to this paper at Havana, of the imprisonment of Martin, the great bass of the Italian opera, because he sang the word *Liberty*, in the opera of *I Puritani*.—The original words of the opera are *Belle e-frontar la morte gringando Libertà*. "It is beautiful to meet death with the shout of liberty;" but the government of Cuba always requires the singers to substitute the word *loyalty* (loyalty) for *liberty*. On one occasion, Martin, it seems, so far forgot the place he was in, as to sing *Liberty*, when recollecting himself, he changed to *loyalty*. But the slip of the tongue was regarded as intentional by the jealous Spanish authorities, and he was accordingly sent to prison for his offence. When he was released, he had occasion, the night after, to sing in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, the line *Vende sua libertà se fe soldato*. "He sold his liberty to become a soldier;" but determined to make no mistake this time, he sang *Vende sua libertà se fe soldato*.—The application was so obviously dull that the whole audience broke forth in loud laughter."

We find the above in an exchange paper. The Cuban authorities should go to our southern neighbors to learn the vast difference there is between speech and action.—They would hear the voice of the orator declaiming in favor of Liberty mingled with the mechanical cry of the slave auctioneer, and find that no one felt shocked at the apparent inconsistency. In fact nothing could be more foolish than for these Spanish rulers to prescribe a word with such a flexible definition as *Liberty*. There is scarcely a social or political position in which man can be placed that has not been called Liberty. In the Southern States, Liberty means the power of two hundred thousand slave holders to govern the whole country, and thus bears a strong resemblance to the Liberty of Ancient Greece, upon which so much admiration and poetry have been expended. The Liberty of Poland upon which our people wasted so much sympathy, was the Liberty of a few landholders to oppress their swarms of serfs without dividing the spoil with the Government of Russia. Grecian Liberty, as it appeared about twenty-eight years ago, was a dispute between two sets of pirates and highwaymen concerning a desirable field of operations. Liberty in England has been a sliding scale from the blackest tyranny down to a well organized aristocracy. It would take a wise man to tell what Liberty has not been in France except, indeed, the thing defined by the poet and philosopher. In fine, the definitions of Liberty should be arranged thus: with governments, the existing government; with men too lazy to work, a kind of revolution; with slaveholders and self-holders, an exclusive monopoly of their trade; with the People, a dream which has never been realized; a dream of heaven which is incompatible with a material world.

But with all this, Liberty is not altogether a phantom, and we may reasonably hope that the time is approaching, when the reality of this much coveted blessing will be understood and finally attained.—*Pitts Gazette*.

WHAT NEXT?—The influence of American slavery is corrupting and prejudicing every race and tribe that it sheds its poisonous breath upon against the descendants of Africa. The Mormons, about Salt Lake, are ready to receive southern slaveholders into their church. But last, and least of all men, the Cherokee Indians are trying to copy the example of Kentucky, Virginia, and South Carolina.

We learn that the council for this tribe of Indians has imposed a heavy tax on all free persons of color residing in that territory. We suppose that they have been advised by their white missionary brethren, who are sometimes shocked in their imagination at the idea of amalgamation or insurrection, especially where free people of color are permitted to live.—*Voice of the Fugitive*.

The Abolitionists have beaten their "rub-a-dub," as Mr. Webster calls it, to some purpose. They have played the Devil's tattoo; Mr. Clay, and the Rogue's march which has drummed Mr. Webster out of the legislative camp. Lord Chesterfield said of Pultney, that "he sunk into insignificance and a Peerage," so thanks to the Abolitionists, Mr. Webster has sneaked from the Senate Chamber to the Department of State.—*Mass. A. S. Report*.

Col. JOHN E. CAREW, the Editor of the *Secessionist* organ of South Carolina and the South, the *Charleston Mercury*, is now on a visit to Boston. He has been much amused with the trial of the rescuers of Shadrach in the U. S. District Court. He don't think this "Rescue" business was a "circumstance" in comparison with some of the doings of the South Carolina Committees of Safety, against which no proclamations were issued.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

From the Christian Citizen. A Melody of Sadness.

We have received the following letter, with the accompanying beautiful melody, from a respected correspondent, and as we cordially coincide with him in his criticism of this piece, we feel much pleasure in presenting it to our "Citizen Circle."

DEAR SIR: The enclosed simple, touching, and beautiful song, I take pleasure in sending to your paper, thinking it possible you may not all have met with it.

I understand it has been published, with the music, for some months; but owing to the influence of the "blessed" institution over the press, the circulation has been so limited, that I believe some sale has been effected of the plates, to an Eastern publisher. Of this I cannot speak with certainty. But if the "ballads" of a country, have more to do in forming the habits of its people, than its "laws," you may think it advisable to open this spring, for the healing of the nation.

LEE-RA-LOO.

POOR SAMBO'S LAST PLANTATION MELODY!

I.
They say this is a pleasant place,
That Heaven has gracious been,
To Sambo, Cuffy, and to Grace,
And Sue, our coal-black queen.
We do not doubt that Heaven is kind,
We're thankful for its good;
But man has broken all its laws,
And turned its sun to blood.

REFRAIN.
And while we sing our lee-ra-loo,
The heart declares our words untrue;
And sorrow clouds our lee-ra-loo.
Our lee-ra-loo.

CHORUS.—REFRAIN REPEATED.
And lee-ra-loo—and lee-ra-loo,—
Though massa laughs at lee-ra-loo,
The heart is sad—Oh! lee-ra-loo,
Oh lee-ra-loo!

II.
Rich fruits and flowers the earth adorn;
The streams with silver run;
The gold and amber of the morn
Surround the glorious sun.
But me! I feel the storm of woe;
My Sue and babes I mourn;
For sold! to distant fields I go,
Ah! never to return.

REFRAIN.
And should I sing the lee-ra-loo,
My tears would say "Remember Sue,"
To her, and all—a long adieu;
Oh lee-ra-loo!

CHORUS.
And lee-ra-loo—and lee-ra-loo,
Though massa laughs at lee-ra-loo,
The heart is sad—Oh! lee-ra-loo,
Oh lee-ra-loo!

III.
And when I see, at silent night,
The stars like glow-worms shine;
And heaven and earth look sparkling bright,
No clouds in view but mine;
I think that Heaven could ne'er design,
(So pure its light appears.)
To give to earth such woes as mine;—
Such bondage, stripes, and tears.

REFRAIN.
Then sing no more the lee-ra-loo,
Till freedom rises to the view;
My heart weeps blood—Oh lee-ra-loo,
Oh lee-ra-loo!

CHORUS TO REFRAIN.
And lee-ra-loo—and lee-ra-loo,
A long adieu to lee-ra-loo,
No more I sing my lee-ra-loo,
My lee-ra-loo!

IV.
The birds are free through air to roam,
The wild bee murmurs to its home,
All—all are glad but me!
The lightning dances in the clouds,
The winds of heaven are free;
All beings sing their praise aloud;
All—all rejoice but me!

REFRAIN.
Then sing no more the lee-ra-loo,
Till freedom rises to the view;
My heart weeps blood—Oh lee-ra-loo,
Oh lee-ra-loo!

CHORUS TO REFRAIN.
And lee-ra-loo—and lee-ra-loo,
A long adieu to lee-ra-loo,
No more I sing my lee-ra-loo,
My lee-ra-loo!

OUR TEMPERANCE LAW.—A great deal is being said, just now, about the duty of obeying the laws of the land. Indeed, law, human law, is such a hallowed thing that even the King of kings is denied jurisdiction as a Court of Appeal.

If it be the "bounden duty" of the citizen to obey and aid in the execution of the laws, —not because they are just and humane, but because they are the laws of the land—it would seem a natural conclusion that laws voted good should be faithfully carried into effect.

Now as our law-abiding citizens have no slave catching on hand, to test their devotion to law, we would respectfully suggest, that they see to it that our temperance law is obeyed to the letter.

Suppose, gentlemen—you who contend that the fugitive slave law is binding because it is a law of the land—suppose, for a moment, that fugitive slaves were gin cocktails—would you give 'em up?—God and all disposed citizens, would you hunt them from their hiding places?—That's the question, and by your action in the premises shall your devotion both to the lower and the Higher Law be judged.—*Windham (N. Y.) Dem.*

It is said that some "friends of Mr. Webster" are in favor of Scott for President.—From all such friends we have no doubt Mr. Webster will pray most earnestly to be delivered. Timon of Athens had an abundance of that sort of friends. Mr. Webster's political bankruptcy is already becoming apparent, and the rats are beginning to take leave.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

The Union Sick unto Death.

From the Report of the Mass. A. S. Society.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," was said of old, and we suppose as true now as ever it was. If so, the glorious Union under which we live must needs be sick unto death, if one may judge from the throng of regular and irregular practitioners that flock to its rescue.

Not one of the State physicians at Washington, whatever may be the school of his practice, but must try his hand at the restoration to health of this most interesting patient.—Not a quack, North or South, but must interpose his nostrum between the Union and its demise. Not a speech can be made in Congress or in State Legislature, not a toast given at a festival or patriotic banquet, but involves some prescription for the disease, or at least some prayer for the sufferer. The political papers, of all complexions, are as full of panaceas for the body politic as of empirical remedies for the corporeal essence, and of pulls of the one as of the other. And yet the tone in which the Union is spoken of is usually one applicable to an immortal soul rather than a perishable body. Its immortality is assumed, and still every body seems to think that it is in imminent danger of a violent death. Such a general anxiety seems to prevail as to the pulse of the Union, and such a desire to postpone its dissolution as is everywhere expressed, must inevitably stand for some type in Nature, for some distemper that lays siege to the citadel of life. Protestsations of loyalty are not loud when the crown is in no danger. It is "when dubious tide shakes the maddened land," that men think it necessary to renew their professions of allegiance. The fact is, that men feel, North and South, that the foundations of the Union are not everlasting, nor laid in the eternal nature of things.—Though the terrible image, which we are bid to call and worship, has a front of brass and limbs of iron, its feet are but clay; and the stone is already cut out of the mountain without hands which will break it in pieces and grind it to powder. And this is felt in the secret chambers of all men's thoughts, who have any to which to retire; and it is made manifest in every political and ecclesiastical demonstration in this direction.

Another Soul-Driven Gane.

Mr. Garrison, of Louisville, Ky., whose whole life has been spent in making brothels, prostitutes, widows, and orphans, is at last dead and gone to his reward. In the fall of 1839 he bought and carried us, confined with iron in connection with other slaves, to the city of New Orleans and sold

himself and his family, and his country, towards his victims, both male and female, when they were confined with heavy iron, and could not help themselves. We have heard him say that he never felt happier than when he had a female confined and applying a scourge to her back—"ah! how he liked to hear them beg and scream." He would often travel through the State of Kentucky to buy up the handsomest mulatto female slaves that he could find, without any regard to separating husbands and wives, and would take them to New Orleans, and sell them for the basest of purposes. He kept a slave pen in the city of Louisville for several years. A fugitive, who has just arrived in Canada, from that city, informs us that Garrison had a falling out with one of his slaveholding chums, who shot Garrison through the head with two balls from a revolver; which is the way such characters generally settle up their difficulties, before they leave this world.—*Voice of the Fugitive*.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Rhode Island Legislature adjourned on Saturday—not without having subjects of agitation brought before it. Some resolutions denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law were introduced, and elicited an able debate. Mr. Hazard of South Kingstown, Mr. Ames of Providence, were among the speakers. Mr. Hazard expressed himself in this style: "The abyss of annihilation itself might open before him, and he would plunge into its abhorred and awful depths rather than become that most despicable thing, even in the eyes of interested slave holders, most vile, execrable of all created things, a slave catcher." The resolutions were laid on the table, by a vote of 29 to 19. Only ten majority for slave stealing. Pretty well for Rhode Island, in these days of the supremacy of the lower-law.—*Lowell Journal*.

LEGISLATIVE WAGERY.—It has been chronicled that the Iowa Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting free negroes coming into that State under severe penalties; but the Burlington Hawkeye gives an account of a successful piece of wagery in connection with its perfection, that will probably make it a nullity. A Whig member proposed an amendment that the law should take effect from and after its publication in the Iowa Free Democrat, an abolition paper, and the majority of both Houses adopted it without apparently perceiving the power it gave the editor, by refusing to print the bill, to completely veto it. Such, it is presumed, will be the course he will adopt, for the law is utterly repugnant to the principles of himself and his party.

It would be no unpoetical justice if the same fate which awaits Abolitionists at the South should encounter slaveholders at the North; if the mobocratic laws and lawless outbreaks of coward Slavery should be reached by answering illegality, in defence of the Fugitives, on the part of as sensitive Liberty. Have the slaveholders taken out a monopoly of brute force? Are Constitutions and Laws iron links to us and flimsy cobwebs to them? These are questions likely to be asked and answered about these times.—*Mass. A. S. Report*.

We are all brothers before God. Mutual needful we must be; mutually helpful we should be.—*Theodore Parker*.

Miscellaneous.

The Family that never Read a Newspaper.

The second night after I left your city, I put up at a large brick tavern, known as the "House." The proprietor, in answer to some interrogatories, informed me that he owned over 400 acres of land, had raised the present season 900 bushels of wheat, 650 bushels of oats, and expected to harvest 1500 bushels of corn; and that he owed no man a dollar; (and that he never took a newspaper in his life!)

I had the curiosity to learn how a family kept up with the current news of the day, when deprived of the only means of obtaining it. Soon after I entered the family circle, which consisted of the parents and six children, the eldest a daughter, on the shade of twenty-five—the mother commenced with:

"Mister, do you know whether the great Mr. Webster is hanged yet?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Well," said the daughter, "I allow he'll not make more of them spelling books."

"I suppose not."

"I've lived so long in the world," said the mother, with a deep sigh, "and I never see anybody hanged yet! I always thought I'd like to see one hanged, but it never happened to come right, and I'm getting so old now I don't expect I ever will. I've seen the sars and caravins and sick kind of shows, but I'd rather see one fellow hanged than fifty of them shows."

"Stranger," said the daughter, "there's going to be an animal show to-morrow down here 'bout six miles, maybe you'd like to lay ever and go down. Brother Jemms says they've got two snakes there, the same as what can swallow an elephant, and I don't believe there ever was any such snakes—do you?"

"No, Miss."

"Well, then, the geography folks lies just like other folks!"

"Mother," said Jemms, "you don't know nothing what you're talking about. Don't the United States make the geographies?—What's the use of putting lies into 'em?—They make 'em every ten years, they are going to make another in a few days. They send men out all over the country to find out every thing—that's what that chap was here for to-day, asking so many tarral questions about. Stranger, your supper's ready."

A Struggle for the Blood of a Murderer.

The following extraordinary statement is made in a letter from Ystad, in Sweden, dated the 28th ult.—"This morning having been fixed for the execution of a journeyman butcher, named Marcusson, and a woman named Botilla-Nilsdotter, for having murdered the husband of the latter, a vast number of persons of all ages and both sexes, and especially of peasants in their national costumes, arrived last evening, and bivouacked in the town all night. Although for upwards of sixty years no execution had taken place in the province, and for upwards of eight years none in all Sweden, it was not so much curiosity which attracted the multitude, as the desire to swallow a drop of the blood of the criminals at the moment it should spout from beneath the axe of the executioner; it being a popular belief in Sweden that it renders the weak strong, cures all sorts of maladies, and secures a long life. When the scaffold was erected, the people assembled round with cups, glasses, bowls, even with large saucers, to catch the blood.—The soldiers had the greatest difficulty in forming and maintaining an open space.—The two culprits, who were very penitent, arrived on the ground at 7 o'clock, and after listening to the exhortations of the priests, gave themselves up to the executioner.—The woman was first beheaded, then the man. The anxiety of the spectators was very great, and the moment the man's head was severed, they broke through the line of soldiers. The soldiers, to drive them back, lustily employed the butt ends of their muskets (the muskets were not loaded), and a desperate conflict ensued. At last the crowd succeeded in reaching the scaffold; but in the meantime, the police had placed the bodies in a cart, and had sent them off under a strong escort of cavalry. They had, however, to take the precaution of removing, by spades and pickaxes the portions of the road on which drops of blood happened to fall, to prevent the people from lapping up the blood. When the bodies had got fairly off, the crowd gradually dispersed; two hundred of them were grievously injured, and a great number had received severe contusions."

The Nation in its True Character.

As a piece of diabolical ingenuity, for the accomplishment of a devilish purpose, the fugitive law stands without a rival among all the tyrannical enactments or edicts of servile parliaments or despotic monarchs. How deeply disgraceful is it to our nation that a law in some such shape is justified by the terms of the fundamental law, and that it is its details rather than its principle that men content to acknowledge allegiance to the Constitution must limit their condemnation. Those details are indeed such as may well make us blush for the barbarism of the nation of which we have the misfortune to be members. These are the tests that try our vain-glorious braggings and show us as we are—that change our countenance and send us away ashamed; or would do so, if the national brow were not of bronze, as its heart is of iron. It is such as these that strip the delusive veil from the face of the Mokanna Republic of the Western Continent, and it stands revealed, instead of a Prophet of God appointed for the deliverance of the oppressed of all the world, a juggling Fiend, a moral Monster, that fattens on the blood and misery of the poor and helpless. It is the professions of the nation done into English—translated into the vernacular—made level to the meanest understanding. The Model Republic is shown to be the Model Dungeon, with thirty wards, for the torture of the innocent. The Home of the Free is the place where their three million Slaves have no home. The Land of the Brave is the land where those faithful to its Institutions are bound to be the most cowardly of miscreants—to be the tools of the most dastardly tyrants. The Refuge of the Oppressed is the refuge where the most wretched of all the victims of Oppression can have no help, save in defiance and despite of the Laws of the Land.—Mass. Report.

From the Glasgow Sentinel.
Dashes at Iniquity.

BY LUKE THE LABORER.

BENEVOLENCE.—His Grace the Duke of Hamilton has just agreed to be distributed the usual donation from the palace, of butcher-meat and oat-meal, to upwards of 500 individuals and heads of families in the town of Hamilton.—*Glasgow paper.*

God pity the poor! and preserve the good Duke, Who sent back the crumbs of the loaves which he took

From hedgers and ditchers, those ignorant clods, Whose spoil gilds the walls of his royal abodes. Our great Exhibition will show to the earth The genius of labor as well as its worth; But nothing will stand in that emporium grand, That rank can say came from that profligate hand!

God pity the poor! who, like skeletons, pine By the side of his Grace, full of dainties and wine, All drawn from the toilers upon his estate— You may reckon him mean, but not certainly blate.

Every floweret, they say, has its own drop of dew.

Of station this precept has never been true: Every pulse of its heart is sustained in its glow By sweat from the laborer's sorrowful brow!

God pity the poor! let the poor thank the Peer, Whose oat-meal advertisement reads rather queer; The poor folks are feasted on what is their own, And the Duke claims the praise for the charity of them.

Admission in bushels may fall on his head, When he gives the double-trodden a holiday feed; How few take the trouble an hour to inquire Why workmen want dinner, or clothing, or fire!

Industrious poor! What a puzzle to me To make those two jarring tag-ends well agree! Industrious poor! If they waste what they gain, They are not industrious, my doctrine is plain.

Industrious poor! But they really are poor— Then some Swindlehurst brought the curse to the door.

The provident man, if he have no interloper, Will never want freedom, nor comfort, nor cheer.

Benevolence! small is the Bedlamite's sense, Who wants us to swallow that stark insolence; Benevolence! stealing your log, if we must, And giving the owner the precious saw-dust.

Benevolence! nothing on earth can surpass This Hamilton kindness for business and brass; The weakest must feel it a glaring misdeed To pilfer their acres, and pay them with bread!

Benevolence! Well, it is much, to be sure, To see his Grace drawing so close to the poor; What a lesson for thousands in times that are by, Had Duke kept their fingers more out of the pie!

Position is something, like Joseph's one sheaf, All else must bend down to the dust in their grief; Swallow up! swallow up! it proclaims night and day, Swallow up! swallow every thing comes in the way!

The patches of ground that for ages have stood, To do the poor peasants a world of good, By the rim of the river, a few paces square, With modern improvements, no longer are there. Every acre M'Adam has left to bear fruit Belongs to the palace, or abbey, no doubt; And millions that Heaven ordained for the soil, Have not an inch left for existence the while!

Down, down with the rubble—yes, farther down still— Drive, drive them from woodland, and valley, and hill; Shut, shut them all out from the summer and spring, They must not smell flowers, nor hear warblers sing.

The sunshine is sweet, and the blossoms are fair, But rain must possess these delights every where; Give poor people cellars, where light will not come, To show them the horrors that tenant their home!

Not cart-loads of meal, nor thousands of loaves, Shall bribe me to puff up a customer I loathe; If the gift has been pilfered, I'll spit on the boon, And call the vile donor a villainous loon!

Give back our inheritance—give us our land— And elbow-room fit for the bee-hive to stand; Then Labor will rise on its pinions of power, And wither'd stems bloom like a jessamine flower.

Petitions for bread let us strongly despise, A mendicant's wail is not Scottish nor wise; Let us seek independence in trouble and strife— That peril of manhood—that jewel of life.

As a mate for our Thistle—our Thistle so grand— This virtue must bloom in our dear father-land; Till every lone nook shall partake of its cheer, And pauper relief, like a curse, disappear!

QUESTIONING CANDIDATES.—A late number of the True Delta contains a communication "speering" the following questions at a supposed candidate:

"Are you in favor of the compromise? and, if so, do you think it can be applied to the will of John McDonough?"

"Do you think that Yankee Buckwheat it is to its details rather than to its principle that men content to acknowledge allegiance to the Constitution must limit their condemnation. Those details are indeed such as may well make us blush for the barbarism of the nation of which we have the misfortune to be members. These are the tests that try our vain-glorious braggings and show us as we are—that change our countenance and send us away ashamed; or would do so, if the national brow were not of bronze, as its heart is of iron. It is such as these that strip the delusive veil from the face of the Mokanna Republic of the Western Continent, and it stands revealed, instead of a Prophet of God appointed for the deliverance of the oppressed of all the world, a juggling Fiend, a moral Monster, that fattens on the blood and misery of the poor and helpless. It is the professions of the nation done into English—translated into the vernacular—made level to the meanest understanding. The Model Republic is shown to be the Model Dungeon, with thirty wards, for the torture of the innocent. The Home of the Free is the place where their three million Slaves have no home. The Land of the Brave is the land where those faithful to its Institutions are bound to be the most cowardly of miscreants—to be the tools of the most dastardly tyrants. The Refuge of the Oppressed is the refuge where the most wretched of all the victims of Oppression can have no help, save in defiance and despite of the Laws of the Land.—Mass. Report.

IMPROVED TANNING.—We have just examined several admirable specimens of Leather tanned from Cowhide, Calf, Deer and Sheep skins, by the new process known as Hubbard's Patent, and which combines economy with extraordinary expedition—the time required for thorough tanning ranging from one to thirty days, according to the material. No French or German calfskin can exceed it in strength, pliability or beauty, while the boots, shoes, gloves, &c. manufactured from it are of singular excellence in every respect. We advise all interested in Tanning, to call on the assignee, Mr. W. W. Reed (22 Warren-st.) and give his specimens a searching examination.

OH, THE FLEET WEED!—A man in Massachusetts lost a policy of \$1000 on his shop by smoking a weed in it.

The Pleasures of Editorial Life.

We could wish gentry whose criticism expressed in the order, "Stop my paper," no worse punishment than a week spent on the wheel of a newspaper. They would soon find the situation too hot for them.—

They would acquire some notion of severe drudgery of which they are in blissful ignorance. Multifarious particles of matter, each of them insufficient in itself, yet important in general combination, to be selected, analyzed, compressed to please a diversity of tastes, without offending any; reports to be stripped of their verbiage and transformed into a presentable shape; comments on topics, political, literary, commercial, esthetic as well as popular, to be obtained or prepared; paragraphs to be prepared on every imaginable subject from a monstrous gooseberry to the revolution of an empire; correspondence to be licked into shape—for the *Bruti Deici* often require a great deal of correction; in a word all local events of the week, and all the striking incidents of the four quarters of the globe, i. e. its N. E. W. S., to be cooked on the gridiron of memory. All the time too, a flood tide of "unavoidable matter," comes sweeping along, crumbling away plans, destroying arrangements, and making the heart sick with the ever beginning never ending toil. Talk of the hardships of "six upon four" on board ship!—certainly, it is disagreeable to lack sleep when you abound in appetite, but it is nothing near so bad as the newspaper ill—a month's reading and writing to be got through in a week, and whole volumes of matter to be crammed in a few slender columns. Then there is the incidental harass of the editor's office—to have a train of thought cut in two by the unceremonious appearance of "the copy boy" and his uncomplimentary cry of "copy" and to be summoned from the editorial "den" to be overwhelmed by the patronage contained in the promised purchase of next week's paper, provided the letter, signed "A Constant Reader," is inserted therein. An efficacious wet blanket is thus thrown upon the unfortunate editor and he is decomposed in the very throes of composition. No wonder that the editor can so seldom be seen—no wonder that his mind is sometimes bewildered as to which contributor and which class of readers he shall please, or rather displease—this being the almost inevitable result, should he show a preference to any. Such ordinarily is the provincial editor's lot; sick and well, inclined and disinclined; in joy and sadness, whether muffled in a controversy or annoyed by some critic who has discovered that there is an 'e' turned up-side down in the forty fourth line of the fifth column of the eighth page. He must work in all seasons, and under all circumstances—

"He never tires, nor stops to rest, But onward still he goes."

except, indeed, to die; and then nine times out of ten he dies, poor man, in harness.—*Tail's Magazine.*

From the N. Y. Tribune.

A Requiem.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

BENDING near the altar dim, Breathe a low, funeral hymn For a young soul called away Ere the noon-tide of its day, For the sleeper's rest, Sleep no more regretful tear.

Lo! the tranquil dust you see Is but dust—the soul is free!

Earth one bounding step hath lost; Dusty hands are softly crossed; Eyes whose gleams were spirit-born One no more to greet the morn; Lips, once wreathed with smiles, are now Pale as the sleeper's brow, And their tones of love were hushed In the storm that o'er us rushed.

Give the sleeper back to God! Dust to mingle with the sod, Soul to rise on cherub wings To the source whence comfort springs. She by death was not dismayed— 'Twas but passing through the shade To the land where such have rest On the gentle Saviour's breast, Stormy was the road she trod, But it led her back to God!

Almost Married.

At Huron, Erie county, on the 3d, there was a curious attempt at marriage.

It appears that relations of intimate friendship had existed between Dr. R— and Miss B—, for some two years, which resulted in their presenting themselves at the Episcopal Church, for the purpose of marriage. The first portion of the service, embracing the vows of the bridegroom, were promptly responded to by him. The covenant of the bride was then read by the clergyman, to which she promptly answered "Amen." The minister asked her if she was in earnest in what she said. "Yes, sir," said she, "he has perjured himself—trifled with the affections of others—and I have but done him justice!" And turning round she took a gentleman's arm and left the church.

The Doctor says he don't understand it, and declares his innocence.—*True Dem.*

THE HUMAN GOSPEL.—L. A. Hine has delivered and printed at Cincinnati a lecture under this title. The *Gazette* of that city says of it:

This is an attempt to show that what is now called Gospel, is not Gospel; but that whatever brings joy to human suffering is Gospel. The author appears to detest most of the sects, and pleads for *Humanity* only. He says: "That which is called Gospel takes no note of Education—it is a secular concern. It takes no note of Health—that belongs to the physician. It takes no note of Human Rights—that belongs to the lawyer. It takes no note of Politics—that belongs to the politician. It takes no note of Labor as the universal duty of all mankind, and without which no man has a right to eat."

A YANKEE has just invented a suspender that so contracts on your approach to water, that the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you over and drops you on the opposite side.

"FATHER," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for me."

"Why?" asked the father.

"Because every time she drinks it she blows us up."

From the N. Y. Tribune.
An Angel in the Clouds.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Metamorphosed the clouds in Heaven so fair, Were isles with cities filled,— With spires and turrets gleaming there, Just like the castles in the air, We often build.

These islands, in the realms of space, Sailed on through seas of blue, And there, I could distinctly trace— The azure wing and angel face Of one I knew.

She sat upon a radiant throne, And wore a crown of light, More glorious than the sun at noon— A heavenly halo round her shone: Her robes were white.

She was a pleasant angel here, Before her wings were given, To bear her to that blissful sphere, Beyond the silver cloud so near Her native Heaven.

I've seen her at the sick child's bed, Watch with unsleeping eye— Until its gentle spirit fled, On rays pinions from the dead, To God on high.

When sunlit clouds are floating by, I often bow to hear The sweep of wings from yonder sky, Where ministering spirits fly, From sphere to sphere.

Anecdote of Parson B.

Old Parson B—, who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns of the State of N—, was, without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate.

Among his church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the church ere the parson was two thirds through his sermon, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. And he at length notified Brother P. that such a thing must, he felt assured, be needless, but P. said that at that hour, his family needed his services at home, and he must do so; nevertheless on leaving church he always took a roundabout course, which by some mysterious means, always brought him in close proximity with the village tavern, which he would enter, "and thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B. ascertained from some source that P.'s object in leaving church was to obtain a "drawn" and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing was possible.

The next Sabbath brother P. left his seat at the usual time and started for the door, when Parson B. exclaimed—

"Brother P."

P. on being thus addressed, stopped short and gazed towards the pulpit.

"Brother P," continued the parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time; as I passed the tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot till church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

A New Trick.—The Legislature of Illinois has passed a law to prohibit the retailing of intoxicating drinks within that State. At Springfield some genius has hit upon a novel way of supplying his customers with the "critter," in defiance of the law. Thus:

"The premises consist of a room divided by a partition into two apartments. Upon entering the first apartment, a square opening, and it is the only one, is discovered, several feet from the ground, in the partition wall. Immediately before this opening, in the second apartment, a number of glasses labeled 'rum,' 'gin,' 'whisky,' &c., stand upon a table. Upon a picture being dropped into one of these glasses, the table begins to turn upon its axis, and by the time it has made a horizontal revolution, the glasses are filled with the liquor indicated, and stands in its original position."

The Mayor and Marshal of the city have examined said "premises" closely, without being able to find any "man, woman or child" acting as salesman, or of discovering the means by which the "table" is turned.— And up to the last accounts the thing was still in operation.

The Swedish Songstress and her Charities.

BY MRS. L. H. SPOONER.

Blest must their vocation be Who, with tones of melody, Charm the discord and the strife, And the railroad rush of life, And with Orphean magic move Souls inert to Life and Love.

But there's one who doth inherit Angel gifts and angel spirit, Bidding tides of gladness flow Through the realms of Want and Woe, 'Mid lone Age and Misery's lot, Kindling pleasure long forgot, Seeking minds oppressed with night, And on darkness shedding light:

She, the seraph's speech doth know, She hath done their deeds below, So, when o'er this misty strand, She shall clasp their waiting hand, They will fold her to their breast, More a Sister than a guest.

N. Y. Tribune.

CHRISTIANS SENTENCED TO DEATH.—Accounts from Madagascar state that in June last eight thousand Christians, who had assembled at Imlirene for worship, were arrested by the Queen, and sentenced to death. Eighteen had already been executed, when the rest found means to escape, fled to the palace of the Prince, and threw themselves upon his protection. The Prince accorded his protection in spite of the commands of his mother, who fearing a revolution, did not dare to persist in her persecutions. The Christians were at last accounts in safety.— The Prince had been several times at their prayer meetings, and hopes were entertained that when he reached to the throne on the death of his mother, the policy of excluding foreign merchants from the ports of Madagascar would be annulled.

JEWELRY is becoming quite a fashionable affair. One of our contemporaries says he met a lady on New Years, who had a farm on each wrist, a four story house around her neck, and at least six life memberships to the Bible Society attached to each ear.

JAMES BARNABY
Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Cloths!

Is just receiving, at his store, North side Main street, Salem, Ohio, a new and elegant assortment of Cloths, Casimere, Vestings, &c., which he is prepared to make up to order, or sell by the yard or pattern, as required. Those wishing to furnish themselves with Dress, Frock, or Sack Coats, Over-Coats, Pantaloon, or Waistcoats, will please call, look at his Goods, and if convinced it will be to their interest to do so, leave their measures; and in from one to six days, the clothes shall be ready, and the fit, quality, durability and Cheapness, warranted equal to the very best to be had here or elsewhere, and superior to any that are not the best.

THE TAILORING BUSINESS Carried on as heretofore. Oct. 26th, 1850.

The Young Abolitionist!

OR Conversations on Slavery—By J. Elizabeth Jones. We have purchased the edition of this book and can supply such as may wish to purchase at wholesale. Those in want can be sent by mail, price 20 cts., Muslin 25 cts., per copy. I. TRESSCOTT & CO., 34 West 4th St., Cincinnati. August 10, 1850.

Dental Surgery.

J. W. WALKER, would announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all work in the above profession, that may be intrusted to him. New Lyme, Aug. 17th, 1850.

SEWING SILK.

MERCHANTS, Pedlars and others can obtain a good supply of a very superior quality of SEWING SILK, of all degrees and colors, either in packages or 100 Skein Bunches by calling at the Salem Bookstore, Salem, Ohio. Also PATENT THREAD, warranted as good and as cheap as the country can produce. We are in the constant receipt of these articles, and for cash will sell them as above stated at the very lowest rates possible.

BARNABY & WHINERY. June 1, 1850.

Saddle for Sale.

FOR Sale, very cheap, a SADDLE, almost new. English tree. Will be sold in exchange for produce. Inquire of Oliver Johnson, Howell House's.

JOHN C. WHINERY,

SURGEON DENTIST!!—Office over the Book Store.—All operations in Dentistry performed in the best manner, and all work warranted elegant and durable. Charges reasonable. Salem, Sept. 8th, 1849.

SALEM BOOKSTORE!!

BARNABY & WHINERY Dealers in Books, Stationery, &c., North side of Main st., Salem, O. A general assortment of Literary, Scientific, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, at school books, kept constantly on hand. Prices reasonable. Terms, CASH. Salem, Ohio, 1849.

TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS

Pelton's Large Outline Maps.

PERSONS wishing to obtain Pelton's Large Outline Maps—Pelton's Key to do, Naylor's System of Teaching Geography, or Baldwin's Universal Pronouncing Gazetteer, can do so by applying to the subscriber at his residence near Damascus, Columbia Co., O., or at

THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Those at a distance can have the Maps or Books forwarded to them by applying by letter to the subscriber at Damascusville Col. Co., O., or to Barnaby & Whinery, Salem, Columbia County, Ohio. ENOCH WOOLMAN.

Also, for sale at the above named places several Cases of SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS, for Common Schools. E. W.

ANTI-SLAVERY BOOKS!!

THE following are for Sale at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Jay's Review of the Mexican War. The Young Abolitionists, by J. E. Jones. Liberty Bell. Douglass' Narrative. Brown's Do. Brown's Anti-Slavery Harp. Archy Moore.

Slavery Illustrated in its effects upon Woman. Despotism in America. Church as it is, the forlorn hope of Slavery.

Brotherhood of Thieves. Slaveholder's Religion. War in Texas. Garrison's Poems. Pierpont's Poems. Phillips Wheatley's Poems. Condition of the People of Color. Legion of Liberty. Liberty.

Madison Papers. Phillips' Review of Spooner. Unionism. Moody's History of the Mexican War. Letters and Speeches of Geo. Thompson. And various other Anti-Slavery Books. Pamphlets. Also a variety of other Reform publications; such as

Equality of the sexes, By Sarah M. Grimke. May's Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Woman. Auto-biography of H. C. Wright. James Boyle's letter to Garrison. Pious Frauds, Pillsbury. Health Tracts. Water-Cure Manual. Female Midwifery. N. P. Rogers' Writings. Theodore Parker's Sermons. Ballou's Non-Resistance. George S. Burleigh's Poems. &c. &c. &c.

Also a General assortment of Books, Miscellaneous, Scientific and Literary. BARNABY & WHINERY. August 31, 1849.

WM. J. BRIGHT,

Attorney at Law, Hartford, Trumbull Co., O. Prompt attention will be given to collections in Trumbull and adjoining counties. Nov. 23, '50.

NEW LEATHER STORE,

MAIN ST., NEAR THE BANK, SALEM, O. THE Subscriber offers for sale, Upper Leather, California, Sole and Harness Leather, Morocco and Binding Skins; Also, all kinds of Shoe Leather cut to pattern. Z. ELDRIDGE. Aug. 1, 8 mo, 1850.

New Daily Paper in Boston.

A LARGE number of earnest Friends of Freedom, dissatisfied with the present condition of the Party Press, and desirous of having an organ which shall set forth, temperately but fearlessly, their sentiments and principles, have come forward and contributed, each one his mite, to a Fund for that purpose.

That Fund has been placed in the hands of Trustees who will publish in the City of Boston, on the First Day of January, 1851, a new Daily Paper, to be called

THE COMMONWEALTH, and continue to publish the same EVERY MORNING, except Sunday.

It will set forth the principles of the FREE SOIL PARTY; but it will be truly a FREE PAPER, and not the bondswoman of any cause, or party, except that of Freedom, Truth, and Humanity.

THE POLAR STAR toward which it will ever point will be THE RIGHT; but the right of ALL.

It will recognize the obligation of Law, the necessity of Order, and the duty of Peace and Good Will to men.

No pains or expense will be spared to render it a Good Daily Paper; a Commercial, Political, and Literary Paper, worthy the men who create it, and the sentiments which it will represent.

The names of the Editors will be announced hereafter.

The Price of the Daily will be Five Dollars—of the Weekly, Two Dollars—always in advance.

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